A Posie of rare flowers,

Gathered by a Young-man for his Mistris.

To a delectable new tune.

THe Summers Sunne ore-heating,
Within a harbour sitting,
Under a shadie shade,
For my love I made the latest,
And flowres the rarest,
All this thus I made.

The first and fit for trusting,
I called Everlasting,
I pulled from the Bay,
The blue and crimson Columbine,
The Daffodone the Widdade,
And eke the blowing Hy.

The Violet and Gredeline,
The odoriferous Gilantine,
With Musk and Honesty,
The Pulkerose sweet and daintie,
With others flowers plenty,
Drops and Plony.

The Gillyflowers variety,
Of every colour severally,
The Lady smarte and Nancy,
The Batchelors button fair and fine,
The Primerose and the Sops-in-wine
With them the Saladers tansy.

The time observing Marigold,
Most fairest and loyallest to behold,
I plucked amongst the rest,
The white and red Carnation,
The leaves recreation
With other flowres the best.

The flowers fit for smelling
Whose flowr is fairer resembling,
All the perfumes of Art,
I pulled up each in their kind,
[illegible]

A Posie of rare flowers,

Gathered by a Young-man for his Mistris.

To a delectable new tune.

THe Summers Sunne ore-heating,
Within a harbour sitting,
Under a shadie shade,
For my love I made the latest,
And flowres the rarest,
All this thus I made.

The first and fit for trusting,
I called Everlasting,
I pulled from the Bay,
The blue and crimson Columbine,
The Daffodone the Widdade,
And eke the blowing Hy.

The Violet and Gredeline,
The odoriferous Gilantine,
With Musk and Honesty,
The Pulkerose sweet and daintie,
With others flowers plenty,
Drops and Plony.

The Gillyflowers variety,
Of every colour severally,
The Lady smarte and Nancy,
The Batchelors button fair and fine,
The Primerose and the Sops-in-wine
With them the Saladers tansy.

The time observing Marigold,
Most fairest and loyallest to behold,
I plucked amongst the rest,
The white and red Carnation,
The leaves recreation
With other flowres the best.

The flowers fit for smelling
Whose flowr is fairer resembling,
All the perfumes of Art,
I pulled up each in their kind,
And made a posie for my mind,

When I had made this Nose-gay,
With loyall heart I take my way,
To finde out my true Love:
Who for my absence mourned,
Until that I returned,
As doth the Turtle Doue.

At last I found her sporting,
With other Maids consorting,
Close by a River side:
My posie not refused,
When she the same perused,
Upon her arme she tyde.

(Quoth she) although these Flowers
Will wither in few houres,
Yet take my word, Sweet-heart.
My love to thee shall ne're decay,
Till death doth my life away,
From thee I ne're depart.

Like to her I vowed,
And whilst the time allowed,
About such things we talked:
At length because it waxed late,
We to, that time did leave our prate,
And from each other walked.

When with a milde behaviour
She thanked me for my favour,
And wooed it for my sake:
With enterchanging kisses,
Ever-last remaines in withes
Unfeigning loue we take.